The News and Herald.

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THE TELEGRAPH.

The darkness and the silence lie
Between your soul and mine,
Like some great river rolling by
Beneath a night of stormy sky,
Where not a star may shine.

But, as beneath the sullen brine
'Twixt lands of kindred speech,
There runs a slender, living line
O'er which there flash, by lightning sign,
The thoughts of each to each.

So, 'neath the parting flood of death
There runs a living line
Of steadfast memory and faith,
Of love not born for mortal breath,
Between your soul and mine!

OLD MISTER RALPH

"I'll take them," said Jessie Fletcher, promptly.

She stood by the snowily-scoured table in the little sunbright kitchen, and swung her pink sunbonnet by the strings.

"I think you must, dear," consented her mother, a gentle, careworn, little woman. "I was afraid when Jummie was so restless in the night that he was on the verge of illness, and now he is really sick—quite sick."

"I can deliver the baskets, of course," declared Jessie, with decision. "Next time Jim may take them, as usual—for he is never long sick, you know. Now I'll run and braid my hair."

"How the child heartens one up!" murmured her mother, with a smile, as she went on packing the two long willow baskets that stood on the kitchen table.

One she lined with large, fresh cabbage leaves, and that she filled with pungent, curly, dark green pepper grass. The bottom and sides of the other she deftly covered with twigs from the lilac bush, and that she heaped with long-stemmed sweet peas, which looked like a swarm of brilliant butterflies—pink, purple, azure, rose and pearl. Over the contents of both baskets she sprayed water and tied a damp paper cover down over each.

"I don't know what we'd do without our garden, mother," said Jessie, gaily, as she came back.

She had brushed her long dark hair and plaited it in two heavy braids, tied on a white apron over her trim gingham gown and put on a demure straw hat in place of her usual pink sunbonnet.

"Nor I, dear. When your father died five years ago and left me with you, a child of ten, and Jimmie, a sickly lad of seven, I hardly knew where to turn or what to do. But I had always been so successful with plants, I decided to buy this little place with the few hundred dollars left me, and try raising flowers and vegetables for sale. To a certain extent I have been successful, but it it has been hard and tedious work.

Jessie's bright face grew grave for a moment. It was a delicate, pretty face, with deep, blue eyes, a milk-white complexion and thin, scarlet lips.

"Well, I'll be done with school next summer, mamma, and then I can help you ever so much! Now, which of these is for Gale's and which for Sexton's?"

Her mother tied a string around the handle of one of the baskets.

"The sweat peas for Mrs. Gale are in this. You won't forget, Jessie—the flowers in the basket with the string on the handle. And the pepper grass for Mrs. Sexton, who keeps the fine boarding house, in the other."

"I'll remember. I don't wonder they are willing to pay well for the things you sell. They are always the best of their kind, and you put them up so daintily!"

She hastened into the sitting-room to say an encouraging word to poor, feverish Jimmie, kissed her mother, took up the baskets—one in each cotton-gloved hand—and started off.

It was a balmy, blue-skied, odorous summer morning. The due was not yet dried on the wayside grass. Meadow larks and robins sang in the hedges and Jessie enjoyed her walk in from the little cottage in the suburbs to the big, bustling, prosperous town of Bloomington.

She easily found the tree-embowered home of Mrs. Gale, who was an invalid, and one of her mother's best customers for flowers. Three times a week Jimmie had been accustomed to bring them in to her.

On the doorstep she hesitated.

"Let me see—what was it mother said? Oh, yes, I remember now! The pepper grass in the basket with the string on the handle, and the flowers in the other. Good morning!" as the servant opened the door. "Jim was not well, so I brought in the sweet peas."

"I'm glad of that, said the girl, as Mrs. Gale was asking for them a minute ago. Here's the basket that was left the last time.

Ten minutes later, Jessie Fletcher stood on the high browstone steps of Mrs. Sexton's fashionable boarding-house. She was about to ring when the door opened.

An old gentleman, erect, dignified, silver-haired, most carefully attired, confronted her. He was apparently about to take a morning walk.

"Ah, little girl?" he said, "What have you got there?"

"Pepper grass, sir," she replied.

Pepper grass?" he repeated, his aristocratic old nose smiling delicately. "I've an acute—an extraordinarily acute—sense of smell, and if I'm not mistaken, you've a flower in that basket that used to grow in my mother's garden."

He was evidently an old gentleman who was used to being deferred to. He took the basket from her in quite an authoritative fashion. He undid the string and removed the cover. Then he gave a chuckle of satisfaction.

"Ah! Just as I thought! Sweet peas—sweet peas!

"Oh, goodness gracious!" exclaimed Jessie.

The old gentleman had seated himself on the settle, and was lifting the blossoms from their nest of lilac leaves with his yellow, taper old fingers.

"What's the matter?" he demanded.

"I've made a mistake, and left the pepper grass at Mrs. Gale's, where I should have delivered the sweet peas.

"Well, you'll have to take her some more, because I'm going to keep these. And what's more, I want a bunch every day while they last. Then bring me anything else you've got that's sweet-smelling and old-fashioned."

So Jessie went back to Mrs. Gale's, explained her error, and promised to bring in fresh flowers that very day.

When she reached home her mother met her with a white, frightened face.

"Jim?" questioned Jessie, in a whisper.

"Oh, Jessie, it's brain fever!"

After that, the need that the fruit and vegetables cantracted for should be delivered in proper condition and with regularity was more imperative than ever.

And the care of this fell on Jessie. She did her best with the inefficient help she could secure, but she had neith her mother's skill nor experience, and before long the little garden betrayed neglect. The sales fell off. Finally there came a day when the needs outstripped the dollars, and mother and daughter looked at each other with eyes full of dumb dread.

Write to grandpapa. He will help us. He is rich, you say."

"Dear, my marriage displeased him. I frequently tried to meet him afterward, he refused to see me. I wrote; my letters were returned unopened. I do not know if he is living or dead. We need money; we can neither earn nor beg it. We must sell our little home."

That evening a neighbor conditionally consented to buy the property, and the next morning Jessie took in a cluster of mignonette and verbenas to Mrs. Sexton's eccentric old lodger.

"I think these are the last I can bring, sir," she said, when he had paid, as he always did, generously.

"Why, what are you crying for?" he asked, sharply.

Then she told him.

"Look here, Jessie—that's your name, isn't it—I'll go out myself and see the place where you are growing things so good to smell; some so good to eat. If I like it, I'll loan your mother a hundred dollars and take it out in flowers. That would tide you over your hard times, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, yes, sir—yes! Less than that."

She had heard a great deal of the peculiar ways and immense wealth of "Old Mister Ralph," as Mrs. Sexton's star boarder was called, but she had not expected such an offer as this.

She half doubted that he would keep his word, but he did.

He appeared at sunset in the little flower garden before the small gray cottage.

Jessie, laughing and crying, met him at the door.

"The doctor says," she cried, "that Jimmie will get better.

But old Mister Ralph was not looking at her. He was staring beyond her at a spare little woman with a sweet, care-worn face.

A queer choking cry broke from his lips. He took a step forward.

"Mary—my daughter, Mary!"

"Father!"

She was sobbing all her sorrowful heart out in his arms.

"Why did you never come to see me?" he asked, half an hour later, as they sat together by the little vine-embowered window. "You never even wrote. I was willing to forgive you. My heart ached for you."

"Aunt Dora said you would not see me. I called several times. My letters to you were returned unread."

"Mary, is this true? We must not speak ill of the dead—and she is gone. But I can see now that she tried to alienate us in order that I should leave my property to her children. A year ago I sold out in Pittsburg and came to Bloomington. I'll buy a beautiful place that is vacant not far from here. It is called Restwood. As soon as the laddie can be moved we will go there to live. No more poverty. Mary. Jessie," turning fondly to her, "why did you not tell me your name in full?"

"Nobody asked me, sir!" she quoted archly.

They are at Restwood now. Mrs. Fletcher is getting the roses of her girlhood back. Jimmie is still a little dazed by the luxury of his surroundings. And often when Jessie brings her grandfather a bouquet of fresh, fragrant, old-fashioned flowers, she thinks, with a happy heart, of the day that she delivered to Mr. Gale pepper grass instead of sweet peas.

Italic Type.

Italic type was first made by Aldus about 1476.

The young people who attend colleges and seminaries learn how to wear their college honors becomingly, if they don't learn anything else.

The Atlantic Ocean takes its name from Mount Atlas.

Nothing occupies one like a conversation in which one has failed to say what one ought to have said. It haunts you like a melody of which you cannot fine the end.

Loving kindness is greater than laws; and the charities of life are greater than all ceremonies.

We have long been accustomed to set our expectations very low respecting the result of reform efforts.

How poor are they who have not patience? What wound would ever heal but by degrees?

GIBRALTAR AND ITS DEFENSE

Possibilities in the Event of Attack by a Hostile Force.

Experiments at Shoeburyness have shown that an Armstrong shell can be thrown 9,376 yards—about five and one-third miles—says a writer in Temple Bar. It is therefore absolutely clear that if all the fleet were temporarily absent, either on some special mission or dispersed by a storm, hostile ironclads taking up a position within four miles of the eastward of Europa Point might with impunity send shot and shell into the outlying ports of the fortress and cause much destruction of life and property. On the other hand, the Governor of the fortress would not be idle, and the experences of the late civil war in America have abundantly proved that the cannon in fortresses, if they strike a ship of war with their projectiles, even at long range, may do considerable mischief; while, on the other hand, many shot and shell may strike a fort and only do trifling damage. It is practically impossible to throw shot or shell over the high part of the rock, near Spain, and the cannon ensconced in the unique rock galleries, with their royal artillery gun detachments, would be absolutely safe. Even if the neutral ground between Gibraltar and Spain were occupied by a hostile foe, comparatively little damage would be the result. During the writer's stay at Gibraltar it was considered desirable to try the experment of firing upward from the plain on the Spanish side into the galleries, dummies being placed to represent the necessary gun detachments. A regiment several hundred strong was accordingly placed in position and supplied with ball cartridges. The range, however, was unknown, and the fire being directed upward, it was fully an hour before any of the dummies were hit, after the expenditure of much ammunition. In actual warfare, of course, the British rifle sharpshooters must have picked out their foes by firing downward from the galleries. Bomb-proof barracks and hospitals are potent factors against the horrors of bombardment, and there is little doubt that there is ample room at Gibraltar for some amendment on this head.

FROGS BETTER THAN GOLD.

A California Rancher Has a Million, and Proposes to Supply the Market.

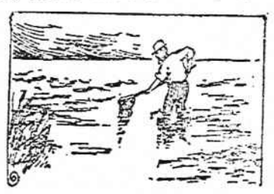
One of the queerest ranches that has ever been heard of has lately been established a few rods from Stege's station, Contra Costa County, and in the last few days it has attracted a great deal of attention. It is a frog farm, and bids fair to be one of the biggest paying enterprises in the country. The

ONE OF MR. STEGE'S MILLIONS.

founder of the farm, Richard Stege, for whom the station on the Southern Pacific Railroad near where the ranch is was named, says it is as big a bonanza as a gold mine.

He started a few months ago with 2,000 California frogs, and now estimates that he has at least 1,000,000. They are so thick that they jump about like grasshoppers when they are disturbed, and fairly flecked the tops of the calla lilies and nodules of mud in the pond where they are placed.

Mr. Stege had considerable difficulty at first in keeping his frogs after he had them, but he has overcome that, and



ROUNDING UP A FEW FOR MARKET.

now his pond is a safe prison, being surrounded by a board fence topped with sheet iron and tin. To an interviewer he said:

"Shall I make any money? Well, I count that it is the best business in California to-day. It is better than owning a South African gold mine. In summer good fat frogs never go below $2.50 a dozen, and in winter the ruling price is from $4 to $9."

The British Museum Cat.

One of the best-known and most popular domestic pets in London is the British museum cat. It is just about twelve months ago since the animal, which had apparently strayed from somewhere, attached himself to the porter's quarters, facing Great Russell street. Being a huge, gray, beautifully marked cat he was encouraged to remain instead of being unceremoniously driven off, as assuredly would have been his fate had he been possessed of fewer personal attractions. From the first the animal has been a favorite with the attendants and the general public; now he constitutes one of the attractions of the great establishment and is eagerly sought for by occasional visitors, both adult and juvenile.

Lately the cat has considerably extended the sphere of his rambles. He occasionally invades the reading-room, where he receives the attention of a stroking from even the most reserved and studous habitues. At nights the animals parades the galleries and by an odd fancy seems to prefer the Egyptian room, where so many embalmed sanctified specimens of his tribe are exhibited.—The London Chronicle.

—Corea contains 600,000 Catholics.

SAVED BY A BELT OF GOLD.

Luck of an Englishman Attacked by Robbers in Tehuantepec.

"Gold has a variety of uses," said Thornton Decker, an English engineer, to an American who met him in Tlacula, "but I fancy my experience when I first went over this route between Oaxaca and Tehuantepec was rather novel. A lot of $20 pieces served very well as a coat of mail—so well that they saved my life.

"As I said, I was bound down to Tehuantepec for a look at the railroad across the isthmus. I had heard that women there use your double eagles for jewelry and paid a very high premium for them, so I got forty or fifty and sewed them into the form of what you might call a porous plaster. When I had them stitched into place on a bit of cotton there were two rows across my back and a third row overlapping the other two. By putting straps over my shoulders they carried very comfortably.

"I got the gold up at El Paso, Texas, but in some way one of the beggarly crew at the hotel at Oaxaca saw that I was carrying something in the small of my back, and the result of that was that I was followed when I set out for Tehuantepec. They allowed me to go on unmolested until I was within a day of San Carlos, and then one of them seems to have taken a short cut through the mountains and concealed himself in the brush until I passed. Then he gave it to me with a shotgun loaded with slugs of lead, and I caught it in the small of the back.

"The force of the blow knocked me down over the pommel of the saddle. When there I had presence of mind enough to keep on falling slowly as if entirely done for. Meantime I got one of your American revolvers in my hand and cocked it.

"The beggar that had shot me, seeing me fall, came running from the brush, machete in one hand and gun in the other, while his partner appeared around the mountain, with his horse on the gallop. They yelled at my horse to stop and my guide to go on, and both obeyed promptly. I was still clinging to my horse's neck and could see them through its mane very well. I let them get within ten feet of me and then dropped to my feet on the ground and took my turn at shooting. They were so close I couldn't miss, but luckily, as I think, one caught his bullet in the knee and the other in the fleshy part of the arm, while their horse was killed outright by a bullet in the head.

"Seeing them both down and begging for their lives I had a mind to kill them for their cowardice, but I let them off with a good kicking apiece, and then called back the guide and had him carry water and wash and dress the wounds as well as possible. Then I gave the man with the hurt arm a stiff horn of brandy and sent him back for help, while I continued on my journey. The slugs had hit the gold pieces, three of them. I had a lame back for a week or so, but I was otherwise unhurt. What became of them? I afterward met the one that caught it in the knee. He was going about the market in Oaxaca on a peg leg peddling reboses and telling the people he had lost his leg in a fierce encounter with highwaymen. He said his partner was on a journey, but I fancy that he meant he had been detected in some rascality and sent to prison."

Japan Ahead of China.

Japan, in spite of her mistakes, stands for light and civilization; her institutions are enlightened; her laws, drawn up by European jurists, are equal to the best we know, and they are justly administered; her punishments are humane; her scientific and sociological ideas are our own. China stands for darkness and savagery. Her science is ludicrous superstition, her law is barbarous, her punishments are awful, her politics are corruption, her ideals are desolation and stagnation.

In thousands of Yamens throughout China men are tortured every day, hung up by the thumbs, forced to kneel upon chains, beaten with heavy bamboos, their ankles cracked, their limbs broken. Every week men are publicly crucified and hacked to death by the "thousand cuts." How is anybody to desire the extension of the sway of the latter rather than that of the former, without avowing himself a partisan of savagery?—Contemporary Review.

In a Peanut Factory.

When the peanuts arrive at the factory they are rough and earth stained, and of all sizes and qualities, jumbled together. The bags are first taken up by iron arms projecting from an endless chain to the fifth story of the factory. Here they are weighed and emptied into large bins. From these bins they fall to the next story into large cylinders, fourteen feet long, which revolve rapidly, and by friction the nuts are cleaned from the earth which clings to them, and polished, so that they come out white and glistening.

From this story the nuts fall through shoots to the third and most interesting floor. Imagine rows of long, narrow tables, each divided lengthwise into three sections by thin, inch-high strips of wood. These strips also surround the edge of the table. Each of these sections is floored with a strip of heavy white canvas, which moves incessantly from the mouth of the shoot to an opening leading down below at the further end of the table. These slowly moving canvas bands, about a foot wide, are called the "picking aprons."

Upon the outer aprons of each table dribbles down from the shoot a slender stream of peanuts, and on the other side of the table, so close together as scarcely to have "elbow room," stand rows of negro girls and women picking out the inferior peanuts as they pass and throwing them into the central section. So fast do their hands move at this work that one cannot see what they are doing till they cast a handful of nuts into the middle division. By the time a nut has passed the sharp eyes and quick hands of eight or ten pickers one may be quite certain that it is a first-class article, fit for the final plunge down two stories into a bag which shall presently be marked with a brand which will command for it the highest market price.

The peanuts from the central aprons fall only to the second story, where they undergo yet another picking over on similar tables, the best of these forming the second grade. The third grade of peanuts, or what remains after the second picking, is then turned into a machine which crushes the shells and separates them from the kernels. These are sold to the manufacturers of candy, while the shells are ground up and used for horse bedding. So no part of this little fruit, vegetable or nut, whichever it may turn out to be, is finally wasted, but all serve some useful purpose.—From Blue and Gray.

Glass Houses.

Experiments recently made with waste slag from glass factories prove beyond question that the material is the very best possible for building purposes. It is run into blocks of convenient size and shape, which are laid in cement mortar. The cement incorporates itself with the surface of the glass, uniting the blocks into one mass. The glass may be tinted to any color, and the mortar being similarly tinted, the wall can be made of a perfectly uniform hue without joints or seams. The wall thus laid is impervious to moisture, a bad conductor of heat and cold, and practically indestructible. Nearly all building material in use is, if metal, subject to oxidation; if stone or brick, to infiltration of damp and the expansion of frost, or the slow gnawing of microscopic mosses. A glass wall is free from these sources of decay; and, indeed, it is difficult to imagine anything except an earthquake or an explosion that would destroy such a wall.

Objects made of glass are exhumed from very ancient ruins in perfect condition, with the exception of a change of color, due to some slow chemical process, probably in the vast length of time. The material has, besides, the advantage of cheapness; and, even were it compounded especially, which it would have to be were it to come into common use, and the demand exceed the supply of waste slag from the glass factories, it could still be manufactured cheaper than cut stone, good brick or iron. Yet another advantage is the wide scope for ornamentation. The glass blocks could be made hollow, if necessary, reducing weight when desirable, with little reduction of strength.

Sir John's Advice.

Many years ago, the late Sir John Macdonald was present at a public dinner at which he was expected to deliver a rather important speech. In the conviviality of the occasion he forgot the more serious duty of the evening, and when, at a late hour, he rose, his speech was by no means so luminous as it might have been. The reporter, knowing that it would not do to print his notes as they stood, called on Sir John next day and told him that he was not quite sure of having secured an accurate report. He was invited to read over his notes, but he had not got far when Sir John interrupted him with "That is not what I said." There was a pause, and Sir John continued, "Let me repeat my remarks." He then walked up and down the room and delivered a most impressive speech in the hearing of the amused reporter, who took down every word as it fell from his lips. Having thanked Sir John for his courtesy, he was taking his leave, when he was recalled to receive this admonition: "Young man, allow me to give you this word of advice: Never again attempt to report a public speaker when you are drunk.'

Thrice Blessed Is She.

The daily luncheon procession at Delmonico's presents to the eye of the impecunious male foreigner the most gilded vista of hope to be unrolled within any quarter of New York.

A young Englishman was the guest the other day of two women of fashion, who, as the various women of society passed to their tables, posted him promptly on their names, fame and, above all things, fortune. Not one woman passed within an hour who was not either the heiress or the mother to the heiress of a seductive harvest of gold.

"Ah, there goes Miss Caroline Duer," said one lady at last. "Beautiful, isn't she? Good, charming, clever, a writer of no mean ability, a maker of the daintiest verses, artistic, pretty—everything."

"And rich," said the Englishman, "of course?"

"No," interposed the other lady. "Caroline Duer has simply everything which money cannot buy. She comes nearer physical and mental perfection combined than any other woman I know in New York society."

Bound to Have It.

Mrs. Gotthere—My dear, pardon my frankness, but really I fear your daughter can never be a social success.

Mrs. Owtside—Why?

Mrs. G.—Well—she has no—no aplomb at all.

Mrs. O.—Is that all? She shall have one. Me and John will spare no expense with Mollie. She shall have the best article of ap—whatever that is—that can be had.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Why Is This?

Watchmakers rarely suffer from weak eyes.

UP THE YELLOWSTONE.

Lassoed a Bear and Then Something Unexpectedly Happened.

George Bleistein, the proprietor of the Buffalo Courier, is at the Waldorf, entertaining his friends with some stories of adventure in the Yellowstone Park country, says the New York Times.

"We were riding along over the foot hills one day when our horse wrangler spied bear tracks, and we proceeded to follow them up. Suddenly, just around a huge boulder on the side of the trail, we spied old grizzly, a tremendous brute, evidently waiting to receive us. The wrangler calmly remarked to me in one of those undertones which are distinctly heard for miles away in that wonderfully clear atmosphere: 'Just you wait and I'll lasso him, and we'll take him to camp.' He accordingly swung his lariat, and I saw it circle around the bear's head and fall over his neck and one of his arms. He touched up his horse for the purpose of taking the beast back into camp, as he had promised, when, to my surprise, the bear seized the lariat and began to reel it in paw over paw, just like a sailor.

"The wrangler's horse reared and tried to pull back and the wrangler himself seemed to think that something unusual was in progress. The bear gathered in the slack of the lariat with one paw and thrust it behind him and with the other held fast the struggling horse. Then he began to haul away again, just as you or I would if we liked water enough to draw it out of a deep well on a hot day with a rope and bucket.

"The wrangler saw that it was only a question of time when he and his horse would be dragged close up within reach of those dreadful claws.

"'I can't stand this strain much longer,' shouted he.

"It was my first trip to the country and, never having witnessed anything exactly like it before in all my life, I sat still on my horse and waited to see what would happen.

"'See here!' yelled the wrangler, who was then within ten feet of the grizzly, 'I've got enough. Get ready to ride for your life,' and with that he whipped out his knife and slashed the lariat.

"'Ride, you fool, ride!' was the next thing I heard and I saw him digging his spurs into his horse, and naturally I followed his example.

"Well, gentlemen, we rode like lightning down through that gulch and out into the open plain. As we struck into the level stretch the wrangler and I turned our heads involuntarily. The grizzly had given up the pursuit, fortunately for us. But he wasn't more than 100 yards distant, and there he stood on his haunches, a wicked-looking brute, growling and swinging the lariat at us. It was a very narrow escape—very. I shall never forget it."

Fortified Churches.

In the twelfth century Geisa II., King of Hungary, sent heralds into German towns to invite their yeomen to settle in his scantily peopled land. Thousands hearkened to the heralds, and sought in Transylvania—the land beyond the forests—the rights and prosperity denied them in their feudal home. To these Saxon immigrants the words "church" and "fortress" were synonymous. Each village church was built on rising ground, and surrounded by fortified walls and a moat crossed by a drawbridge.

When threatened by an enemy, the people used to retire to these fortified churches, and from the heights roll down heavy stones on the assailants.

Some of these stones may be seen among the briars and weeds which surround the ruined church of Michelsberg. They are moss-covered, and, being round, resemble giant cannonballs.

In those days of wars and rumors of wars, it was necessary to keep a supply of these round stones, that they might be in readiness to be rolled down upon an approaching enemy. To maintain the supply, a law compelled each bridegroom, before leading his bride to the altar, to roll up hill to the church door one of these large stone balls. As the hill was generally steep, and each stone weighed two hundred pounds, the rolling of it up to the church was no slight test of strength and affection.

Once, when the Turks had begun to scale the walls of a fortified church a girl's wit saved the people from capture and death.

Behind the church was a little garden, and in it a dozen bee-hives, which it was the girl's duty to care for. Seizing a hive she ran up to the fortress wall and hurled it down among the enemy. Again and again she repeated the process until ten or more swarms of maddened bees were stinging the Turks. They were blinded and dismayed, and, utterly unable to cope with the insect foe, beat a hasty retreat. They had been discomfited by a girl's device.

Tallest Militia Company.

Six feet and one-half inches! That is the average height of the thirty new recruits who are now seeking admission to Company A, First Regiment, O. N. G. The company has always been noted for its tall men, having now in its ranks twenty whose heights average 5 feet 11½ inches. With the enlistment of these new giants the ranks of Company A will be much fuller than those of the average company, and the average height of its enlisted men will be 6 feet. It will be, it is claimed, the tallest company in the United States.—Portland Oregonian.

News in Brief.

—A horseshoe to be affixed without nails has been invented.

—The earliest form of the glove was a mere bag for the hand.

—The Russians are the most religious persons on the face of the globe.

—It takes a snail exactly fourteen days and five hours to travel a mile.

—Single stones in the walls surrounding Baalbec weigh 3,000,000 pounds each.

Charles II was the mutton eating King from his fondness for spring lamb.

—Leon Lilienfield, a young chemist in Berlin, has produced artificial white of egg.

—The African ostrich has but two toes on each foot, and one of them has no claw.

The slashes or openings in an outer garment to show the one beneath were formerly calle panes.

—The first building and loan association in the country was organized near Philadelphia in 1831.

—Soldiers in the United States Army lose on an average twenty-one days every year from illness.

—An injured nail on the right hand will be renewed ten days or two weeks sooner than if on the left.

Cast iron blocks are being substituted for granite blocks along the tramway rails in Paris streets.

—The two fields of Waterloo and Linden are each covered with a crop of crimson poppies every year.

—Parisians are introducing porous glass for windows on account of its alleged ventilation facilities.

—According to Muller the total number of words, or rather ideas, expressed by Chinese characters is 43,596.

—A fatal fall from a great height is said to be painless, as unconsciousness precedes the crash of concussion.

—A new application of electro plating is the sealing of cans of fruits and meat, and of bottles of chemicals.

—Tobacco seeds are so minute that it is said a thimbleful will furnish enough plants for an acre of ground.

—Birds as a rule, cannot focus their eyes on an object save at a considerable distance, and then only with great difficulty.

—Vienna, Austria, is to have an elevated railroad with the wheels on top of the cars, which will hang suspended from the rails.

—A New York florist is selling flower pots and "ground to fill them." They are for window gardeners who live high above the ground.

—Automatic machines have been devised for use on a moving train which mechanically record the condition of every foot of the track.

—Robbing graves is the only crime under Chines law for which the thief may be justly killed on the spot by anyone finding him out.

—Emperor William has just sent Widow Johanna Simple $25 in recognition of her 100th birthday. She is the oldest woman in Berlin.

—The extreme cold of the poles is mainly due to the fact that the Arctic Ocean is certainly, and the Antartic probably, a land locked sea.

—Lord Kelvin estimates that the "running slow" of the earth in its daily rotation round its axis amounts to twenty seconds per century.

—Phthisis and pneumonia are more frequent and fatal among men than among women, while cancer and apoplexy kill more women than men.

—Redfield was the first meteorologist to prove that in all extensive severe storms a system of surface winds is blowing in toward a storm center.

To prevent lamp chimneys from cracking put them into a kettle of cold water, gradually heat it till it boils, and then let it as gradually cool.

—In 954 a draught began in Europe lasting four years. The summers were intensely hot and the famine prevailed everywhere; 3,000,000 people died of hunger.

—Careful computation shows that the total capacity of generature and motors in use in railway work in the United States aggregate half a million horse power.

—Scientific research shows that meats, fish, milk, and other animal foods cost three times more than flour, meal, and other staple vegetable foods to get the same nutritious result.

—At the altitude of twelve miles the atmosphere has a density of about one tenth that of the surface— that is, the barometer would stand at about three inches.

—Southampton, England has a furnance for burning garbage which cost $18,000. It consumes from twenty five to fifty tons of garbage daily at an annual expense of $1100.

—In Napoleon's early wars one out of each twenty eight was killed, and in the early British conflicts as high an average as one death to each nineteen engaged is reported.

—A colony of stingless bees from Honduras is now under observation at the Department of Agriculture at Washington, but the climate is too cold for them and they will die.

—The ears of most defensive animals like the rabbit are turned backward, because these creatures are in constant apprehension of pursuit; hunting animals have their ears turned forward.

—Soap has been substituted for wax on the recording surface of the phonograph by a Berlin inventor. The advantage gained is that soap is unaffected by ordinary changes of temperature.